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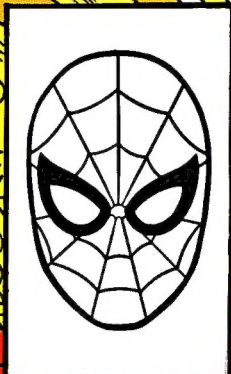
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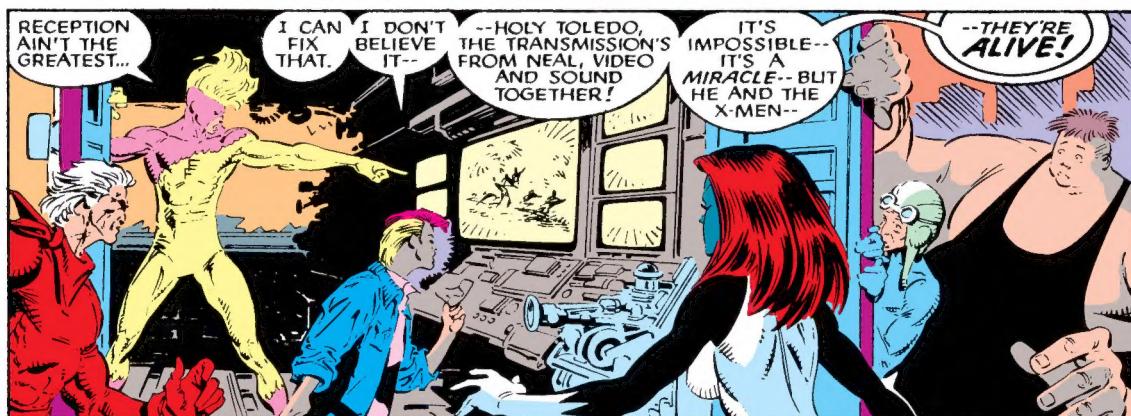
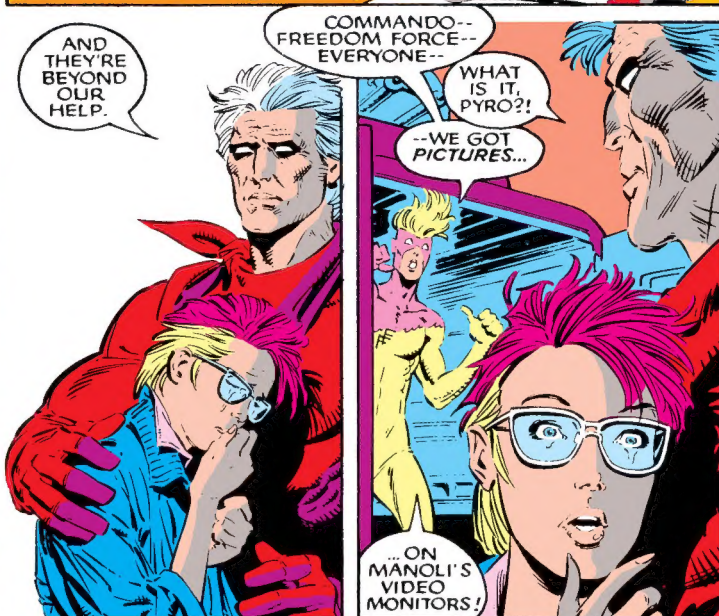
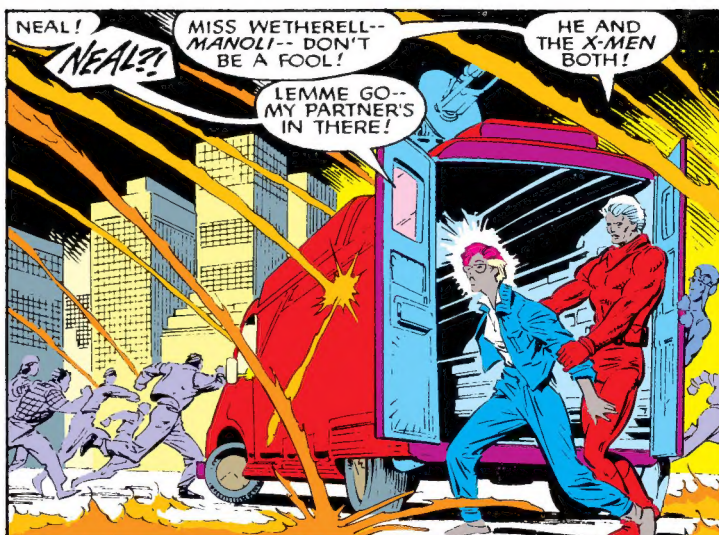
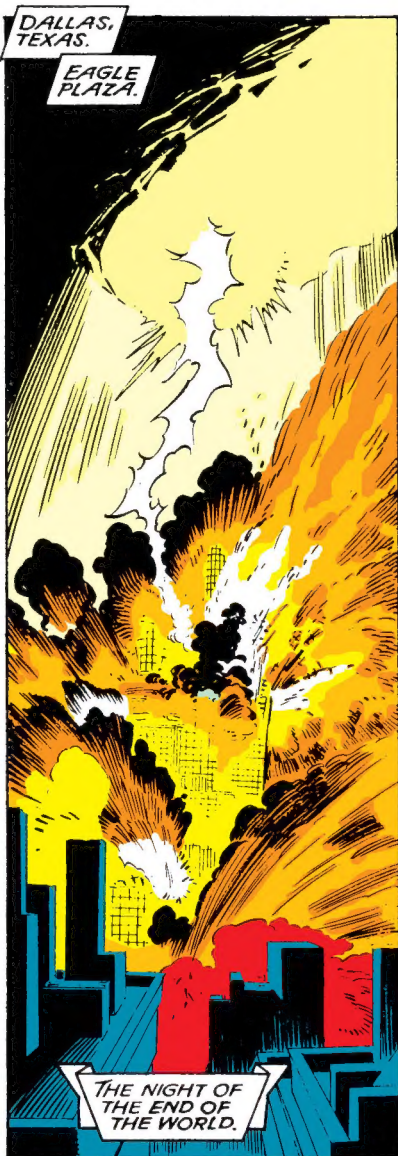
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THE FALL OF THE MUTANTS[™]

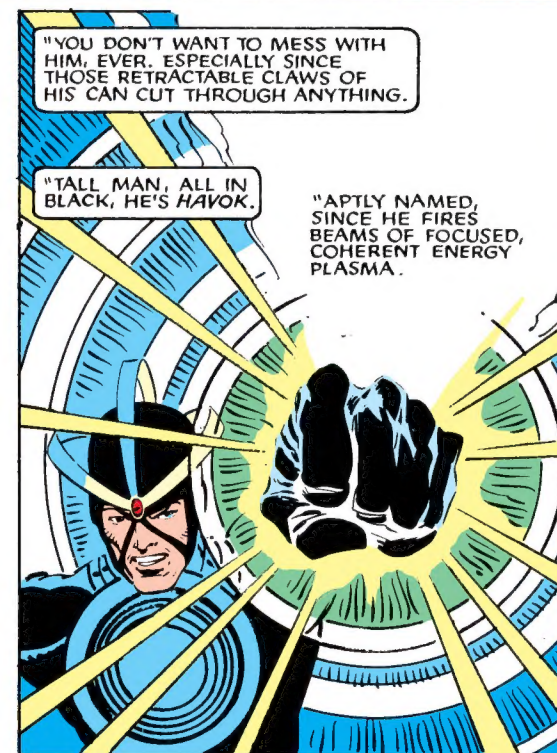
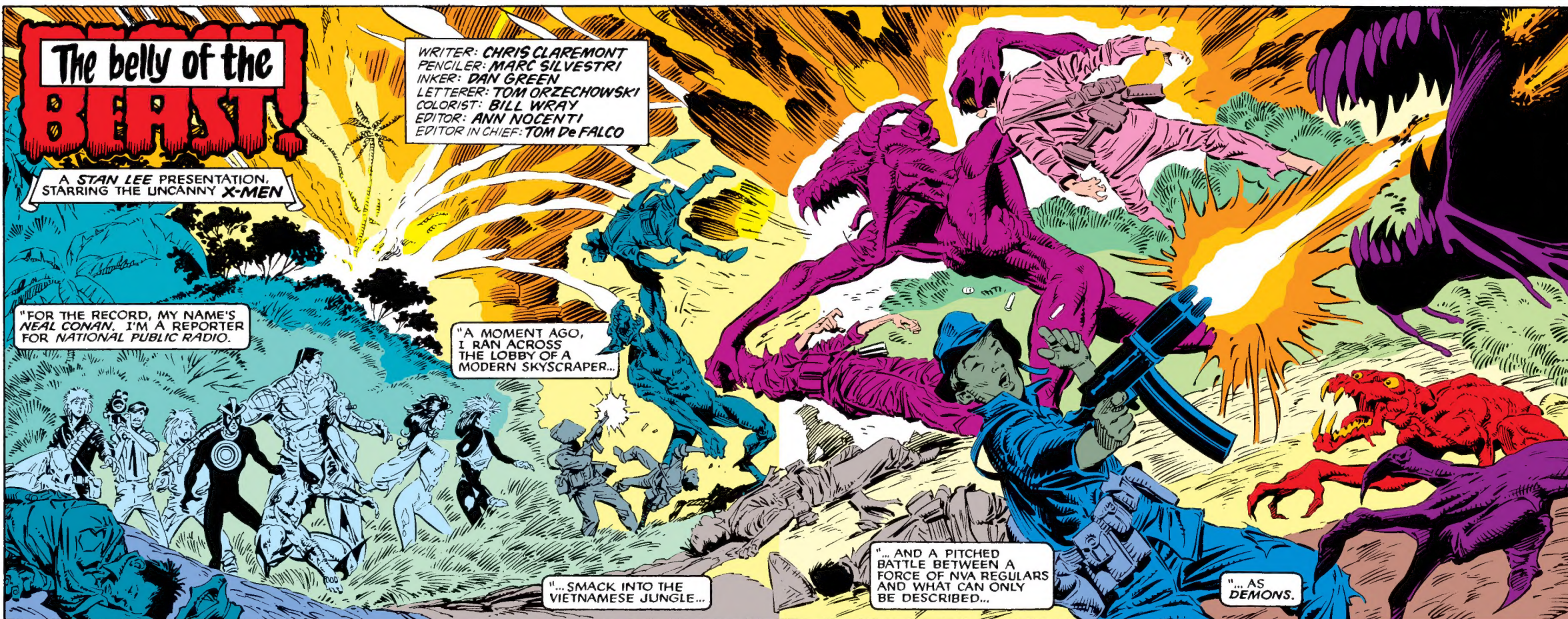
THE UNCANNY

WOMEN[®]

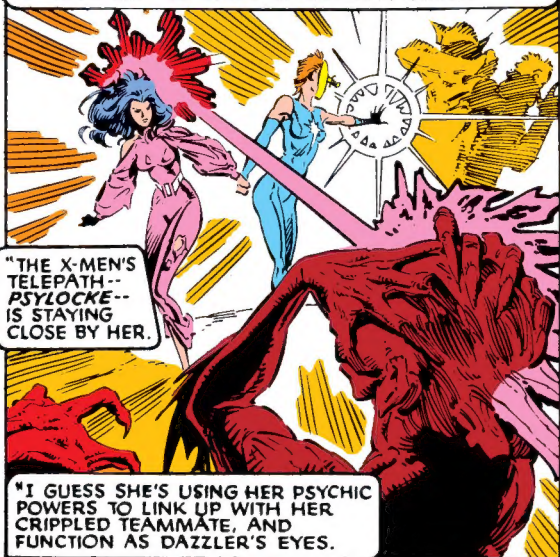




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"DAZZLER TRANSDUCES SOUND TO LIGHT. SHE CAN FLASH-FIRE MULTI-COLORED STROBE EFFECTS, SOLID PHOTON PRESSOR BEAMS OR LASERS. SOMEHOW, THOUGH, THAT FEATURELESS MASK HAS BEEN BONDED TO HER FACE-- SO SHE'S EFFECTIVELY **BLIND**.



"THE X-MEN'S TELEPATH-- **PSYLOCKE**-- IS STAYING CLOSE BY HER.

"I GUESS SHE'S USING HER PSYCHIC POWERS TO LINK UP WITH HER CRIPPLED TEAMMATE, AND FUNCTION AS DAZZLER'S EYES.

"WEIRDEST SENSATION, HANGING ABOUT A PERSON WHO CAN **'READ'** YOUR THOUGHTS. NOT SURE I LIKE THAT.



"THE HAPPY-GO-LUCKY LEATHER-BLOND IS **LONGSHOT**.

"I'VE NEVER SEEN MOVES LIKE HIS.

"I'M TOLD HE'S **LUCKY**. THAT'S HIS SPECIAL POWER.

"I HOPE IT'S **CATCHING**.

"LAST UP IS **ROGUE**.

"HER POWERS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.



"DON'T QUITE SIT RIGHT...

"...SAVIN' THESE NORTH VIETNAMESE ARMY FOLKS...

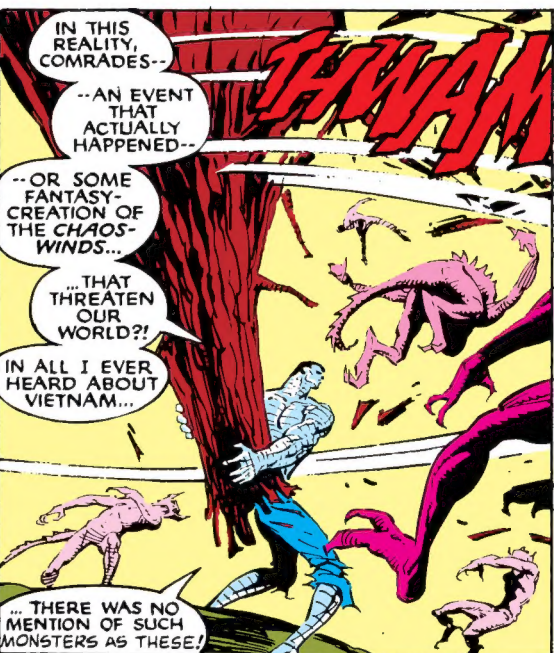
"...AFTER AMERICA FOUGHT 'EM IN A WAR AN' ALL...



KRUSH!

"...BUT AH GUESS, THE BOTTOM LINE IS...

"...WE **HUMAN BEINGS** GOTTA STICK TOGETHER!



"IN THIS REALITY, COMRADES--

"--AN EVENT THAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED--

"--OR SOME FANTASY-CREATION OF THE **CHAOS-WINDS**...

"...THAT THREATEN OUR WORLD?!

"IN ALL I EVER HEARD ABOUT VIETNAM...

"...THERE WAS NO MENTION OF SUCH MONSTERS AS THESE!

THWAM

"FORGOT TO MENTION A CIVILIAN--DUNNO IF SHE'S PART OF THE TEAM-- A PILOT NAMED **MADELYNE PRYOR**.

WHAT AM I TRYING TO PROVE?

I WAS INSANE TO COME ALONG.



I'M A NORMAL WOMAN-- I HAVE NO POWERS--



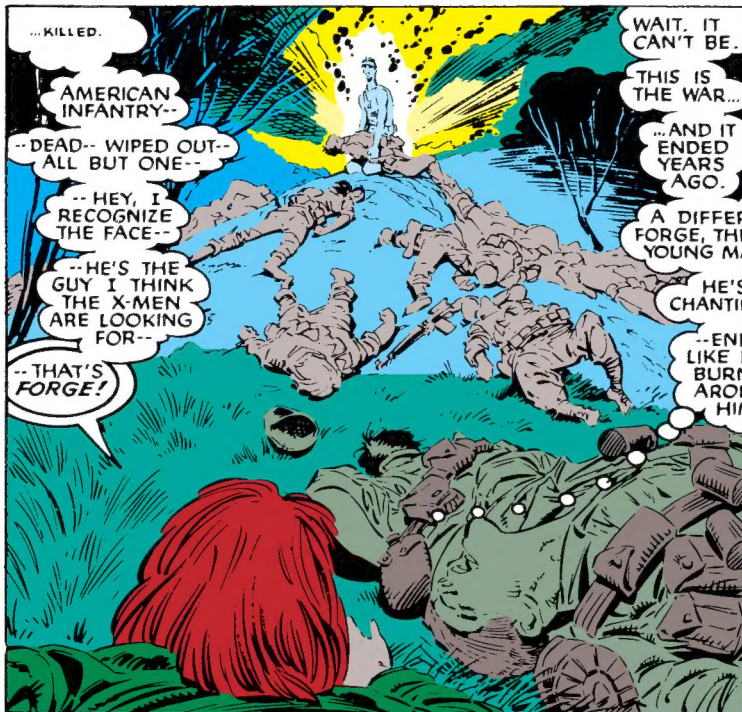
--I'M LESS THAN NOTHING WITHOUT TH

DUFF!!

STUPID, CLODDING, CARELESS COW!

STUMBLING ABOUT A BATTLEFIELD IN THE DARK!

SERVE YOU RIGHT IF YOU GOT YOURSELF...



...KILLED.

AMERICAN INFANTRY--

--DEAD-- WIPED OUT-- ALL BUT ONE--

--HEY, I RECOGNIZE THE FACE--

--HE'S THE GUY I THINK THE X-MEN ARE LOOKING FOR--

--THAT'S FORGE!

WAIT. IT CAN'T BE.

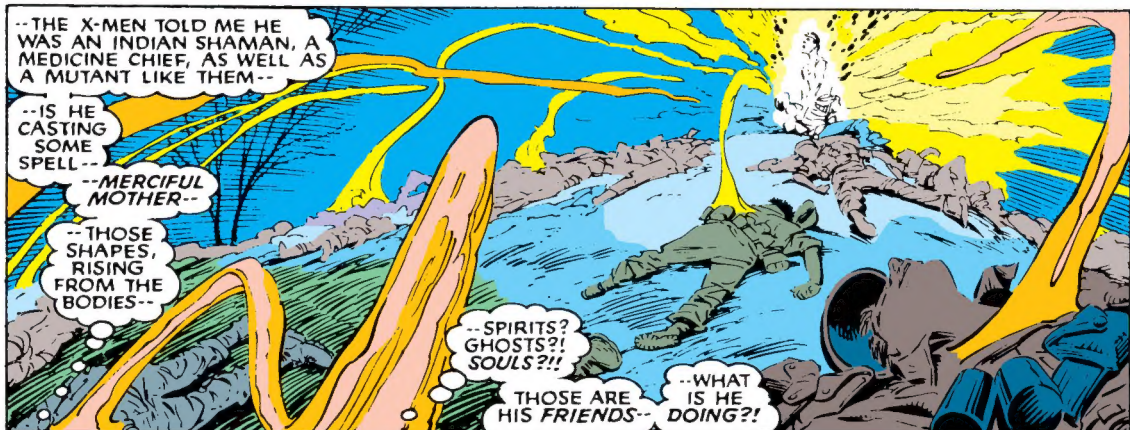
THIS IS THE WAR...

...AND IT ENDED YEARS AGO.

A DIFFERENT FORGE, THEN. A YOUNG MAN.

HE'S CHANTING--

--ENERGY-- LIKE FIRE-- BURNING AROUND HIM--



--THE X-MEN TOLD ME HE WAS AN INDIAN SHAMAN, A MEDICINE CHIEF, AS WELL AS A MUTANT LIKE THEM--

--IS HE CASTING SOME SPELL--

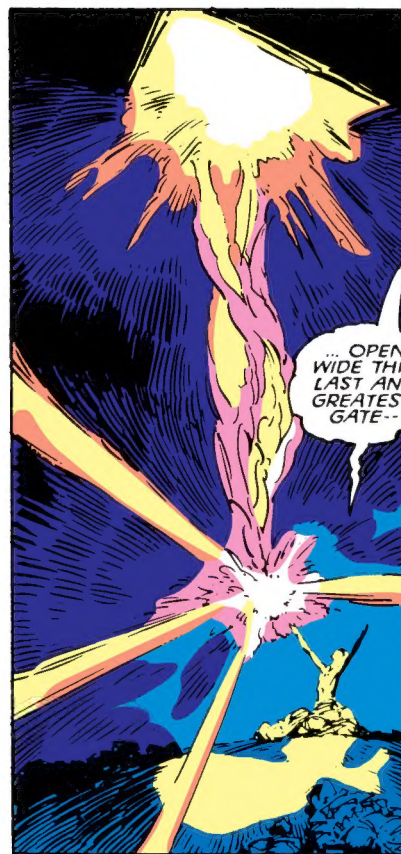
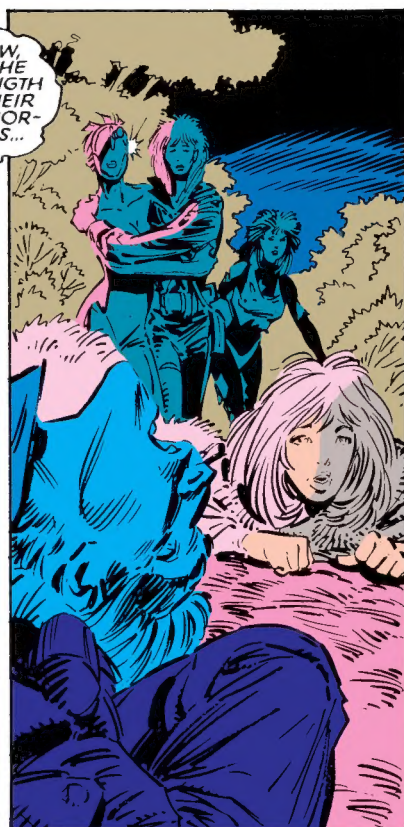
--MERCIFUL MOTHER--

--THOSE SHAPES, RISING FROM THE BODIES--

--SPIRITS? GHOSTS?! SOULS?!!

THOSE ARE HIS FRIENDS--

--WHAT IS HE DOING?!





Whua--?!

WHOZZAT?!!

SCREAM!



SO MANY SCREAMS--

--AIR FULL OF THEM--

--I SHOULD BE HAPPY--

--KILLING GROUND--

--CHARNAL PIT--

--THIS VALLEY--

--OBSCENITY--

--MY SOUL--

--I DIDN'T KNOW--



--DIDN'T WANT TO DIE--

--WANTED THEM TO PAY--

--BUT NOT...

--I WAS ANGRY--

--I WAS SCARED--

...LIKE THIS!

OVERLORD--



--THIS IS FORGE. SITUATION DESPERATE.

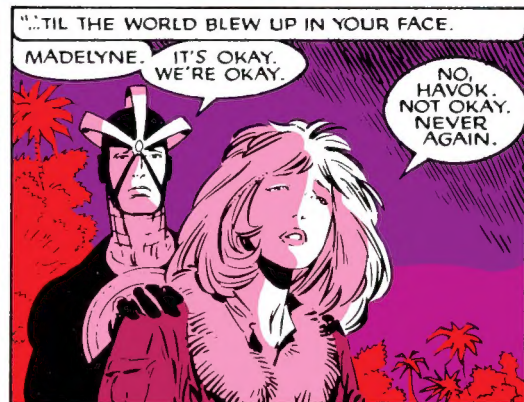
REQUIRE IMMEDIATE "ARCLIGHT," MY POSITION-- OVER AND OUT!



"I KNOW THE TERM. HE'S JUST CALLED IN AN AIR STRIKE.

"OVERHEAD, 'BUFF'S' UNLOAD. 'BIG-UGLY-FAT-FELLAS.' B-52'S.

"DESIGNED TO DROP HYDROGEN BOMBS, IN VIETNAM THEY CARRIED CONVENTIONAL ORDNANCE. SIXTY THOUSAND POUNDS WORTH. FROM SO HIGH AN ALTITUDE THAT YOU NEVER KNEW YOU WERE A TARGET...

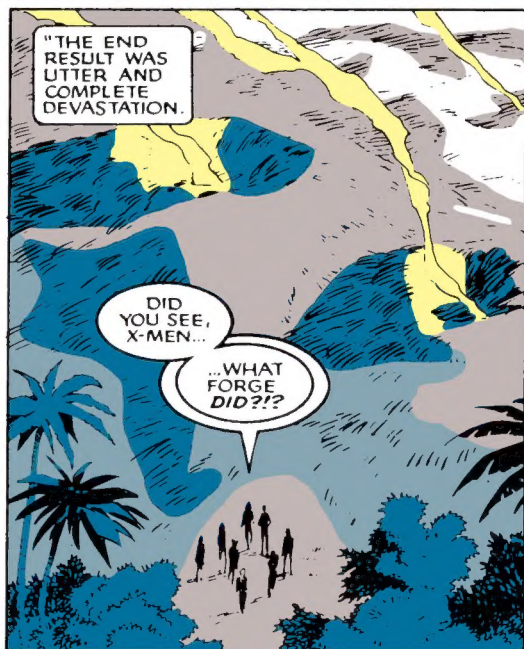


"...TIL THE WORLD BLEW UP IN YOUR FACE.

MADELYNE.

IT'S OKAY. WE'RE OKAY.

NO, HAVOK. NOT OKAY. NEVER AGAIN.



"THE END RESULT WAS UTTER AND COMPLETE DEVASTATION.

DID YOU SEE, X-MEN...

...WHAT FORGE DID???

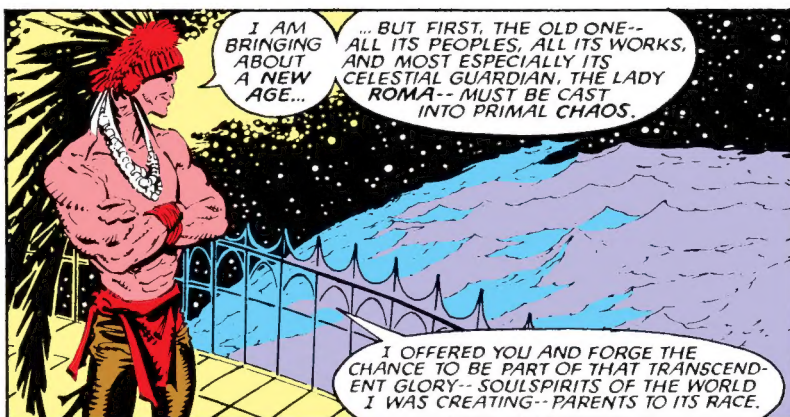


FOR ALL YOUR COMPEERS' COURAGE, STORM...

...THEY HAVE AT LAST BEGUN TO COMPREHEND...

...HOW HOPELESS IS THEIR POSITION...

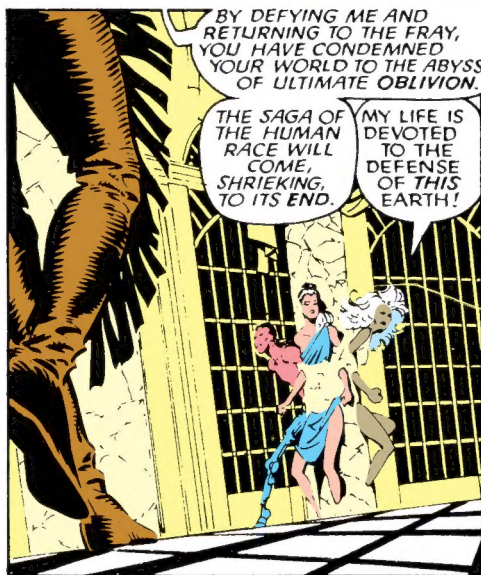
...HOW LOST THEIR CAUSE.



I AM BRINGING ABOUT A NEW AGE...

... BUT FIRST, THE OLD ONE-- ALL ITS PEOPLES, ALL ITS WORKS, AND MOST ESPECIALLY ITS CELESTIAL GUARDIAN, THE LADY ROMA-- MUST BE CAST INTO PRIMAL CHAOS.

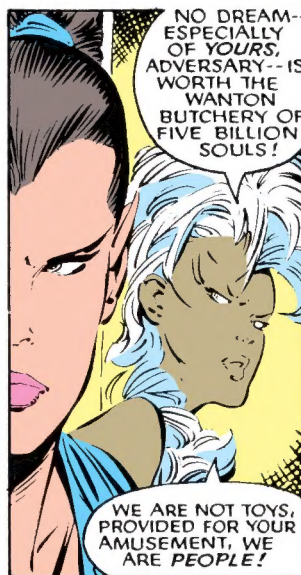
I OFFERED YOU AND FORGE THE CHANCE TO BE PART OF THAT TRANSCENDENT GLORY-- SOULSPIRITS OF THE WORLD I WAS CREATING-- PARENTS TO ITS RACE.



BY DEFYING ME AND RETURNING TO THE FRAY, YOU HAVE CONDEMNED YOUR WORLD TO THE ABYSS OF ULTIMATE OBLIVION.

THE SAGA OF THE HUMAN RACE WILL COME, SHRIEKING, TO ITS END.

MY LIFE IS DEVOTED TO THE DEFENSE OF THIS EARTH!



NO DREAM-- ESPECIALLY OF YOURS, ADVERSARY-- IS WORTH THE WANTON BUTCHERY OF FIVE BILLION SOULS!

WE ARE NOT TOYS, PROVIDED FOR YOUR AMUSEMENT, WE ARE PEOPLE!



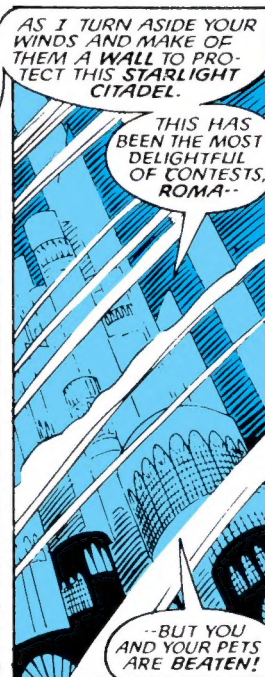
BUT I, DEAR STORM, AM A GOD.

WHAT ARE YOUR PRECIOUS LIVES AND SOULS AND FATES TO ME BUT TOYS?



OH! NOW THAT YOU'VE REGAINED YOUR MASTERY OF THE LIGHTNING, YOU WISH TO STRIKE ME DOWN WITH IT?

A VAIN HOPE-- WHEN I CAN TWIST ANY FORCE OR POWER YOU CARE TO THROW AGAINST ME TO MY OWN PURPOSES.



AS I TURN ASIDE YOUR WINDS AND MAKE OF THEM A WALL TO PROTECT THIS STARLIGHT CITADEL.

THIS HAS BEEN THE MOST DELIGHTFUL OF CONTESTS, ROMA--

--BUT YOU AND YOUR PETS ARE BEATEN!



NOT SO, ADVERSARY.

AS YOU SHALL SOON LEARN.

DALLAS.

MANOLI'S SPEAKING...

TRANSMISSION'S ONE-WAY.

WE'RE RECEIVING REAL FINE, WE JUST CAN'T CONTACT HIM BACK.

THE NETWORK SATELLITE LINKS ARE STILL SOLID. FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH, I FIGURE WE GOT THE BEST DARN RATING IN WORLD HISTORY.

ALL WE NEED IS A HAPPY ENDING.

...THERE'S NOTHING LEFT, MANOLI.

THIS VALLEY'S AS BARREN AS THE SURFACE OF THE MOON.

MAYBE THAT'S FOR THE BEST.

SORRY MY VOICE KEEPS SHAKING. HORROR DOES THAT TO YOU.

NEAR AS WE CAN DETERMINE, FORGE-- WHO I GUESS WAS A MAGICIAN-- CAST SOME SPELL, OPENED A KIND OF DIMENSIONAL DOORWAY...

...AND SUMMONED AN ARMY OF DEMON-CREATURES...

...TO SLAUGHTER THE VIETNAMESE FORCE THAT HAD WIPED OUT HIS OWN COMMAND.

WHAT DO YOU THINK, WOLVERINE?

DID FORGE HAVE SECOND THOUGHTS-- TRY TO STOP WHAT HE'D SET IN MOTION--

--OR WAS THE "ARCLIGHT" BOMBING STRIKE AN ATTEMPT TO HIDE THE EVIDENCE OF THIS ATROCITY?

GET THAT FLAMIN' LENS OUTTA MY FACE, BUB!

I'M A REPORTER, MISTER, COVERING A STORY!

BUSBODY, MORE LIKE IT, WHO CAN'T MIND HIS OWN BUSINESS.

LOOK, YOU PEOPLE COMPLAIN ABOUT HOW THE PUBLIC VIEWS MUTANTS--

--AND ESPECIALLY THE X-MEN--

--YOU TAKE SOME PERVERSE PRIDE IN BEING "OUTLAW, UNSUNG HEROES." IS THAT HOW YOU WANT THINGS TO STAY?!

I DON'T KNOW IF MY BROADCASTS ARE GETTING THROUGH-- BUT IF THEY ARE, THIS IS A CHANCE FOR EVERYONE TO SEE YOU LIVE-- AS IT HAPPENS--

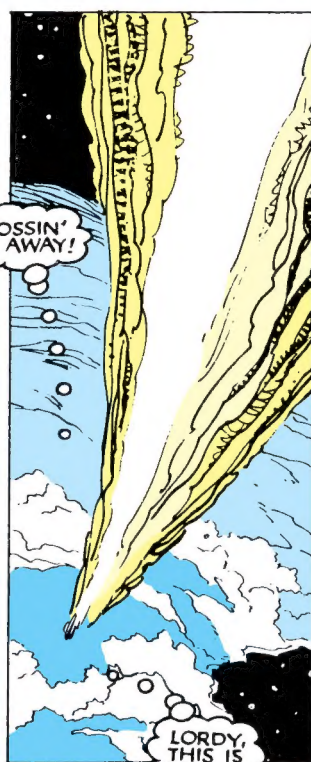
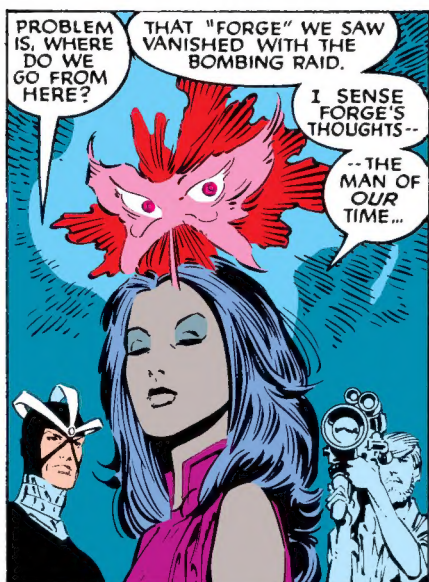
...AT YOUR BEST, AT YOUR WORST!

SHUT ME OFF, YOU GO BACK INTO THE SHADOWS-- WHERE NOTHING'S CERTAIN, AND ANYTHING CAN BE A LIE!

YOU WANT TO FIGHT FOR YOUR CAUSE, THEN YOU HAVE TO DO IT WHERE PEOPLE CAN SEE!

SOUNDS GOOD TO ME, PAL.

AND LONG OVERDUE.



"METEORS HAVE HIT WITH LESS FORCE, YET-- MIRACULOUSLY-- ROGUE'S STILL ALIVE.



HEY, Mr. CONAN-- JUST 'CAUSE AH'M CUTE DON'T MEAN AH AIN'T TOUGH.

YOU WATCH YOURSELF, MADELYNE. MY COSTUME'S MORE RAGS THAN NOT.

ANYONE TOUCHES THEIR BARE SKIN TO MINE...

...AH'LL ABSORB THEIR PSYCHE AN' POWERS.

WOULDN'T WANT TO ACCIDENTLY DO THE BAD GUY'S WORK FOR HIM.

SO MUCH FOR THE DIRECT APPROACH. APPEARS WE'RE NO MATCH FOR THIS ADVERSARY AS INDIVIDUALS...

... WHICH MEANS OUR ONLY SHOT-- SLIM AS IT MAY BE-- IS TO CONFRONT HIM AS A TEAM.

GREAT IDEA, FELLA--



--ONLY THE CREEP'S UP IN THAT FLOATING CASTLE...

...PROTECTED BY A STINKING HURRICANE!

SO TELL US, WOLVERINE--

--HOW THE HECK ARE WE SUPPOSED TO "CONFRONT" HIM...

...WHEN WE CAN'T EVEN REACH HIM!

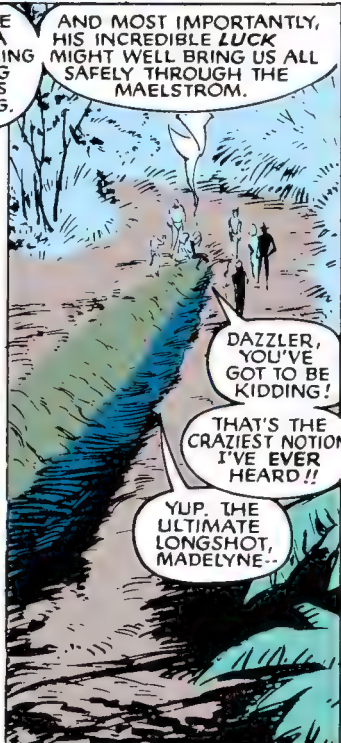
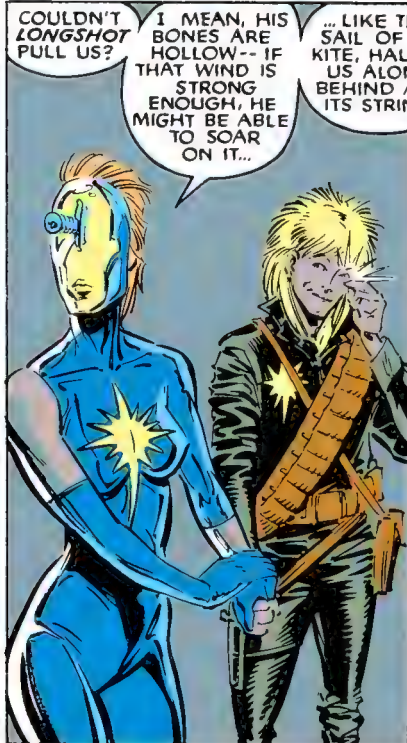


COULDN'T LONGSHOT PULL US?

I MEAN, HIS BONES ARE HOLLOW-- IF THAT WIND IS STRONG ENOUGH, HE MIGHT BE ABLE TO SOAR ON IT...

... LIKE THE SAIL OF A KITE, HAULING US ALONG BEHIND AS ITS STRING.

AND MOST IMPORTANTLY, HIS INCREDIBLE LUCK MIGHT WELL BRING US ALL SAFELY THROUGH THE MAELSTROM.



DAZZLER, YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING!

THAT'S THE CRAZIEST NOTION I'VE EVER HEARD!!

YUP. THE ULTIMATE LONGSHOT, MADELYNE--

--AN' WHO BETTER TO PLAY IT.

IF HE'S WILLING TO TRY...

... I'M WILLING-- BLIND AS I AM--

--TO PUT MY LIFE IN HIS HANDS.

WELL, KID?

WHEN DO WE START?





IT DOESN'T BOTHER YOU, LONGSHOT...

...PUTTING YOUR LIFE ON THE LINE...

...AGAINST IMPOSSIBLE ODDS?

YOU'RE HERE WITH US, NEAL...

...DOES IT BOTHER YOU?

SCARES ME SILLY.

BUT I'M A PROFESSIONAL.



THIS IS MY JOB.

MY FRIENDS ARE IN THE HANDS OF A VILLAIN.

I HAVE TO DO WHAT-
EVER I CAN TO FREE THEM.

YOU MAKE IT SOUND SO SIMPLE AND STRAIGHT-FORWARD.

ISN'T IT?



HOW ABOUT YOU, WHY ARE MS. PRYOR?

YOU HERE?

WHERE DOES IT SAY, MR. CONAN...

...THAT YOU HAVE TO BE A MUTANT...

...TO BELIEVE IN WHAT THE X-MEN STAND FOR...



...AND BE WILLING TO FIGHT FOR IT BY THEIR SIDES?

WHAT BELIEFS?

TO ECHO MARTIN LUTHER KING...

... A WORLD WHERE PEOPLE ARE JUDGED BY THE CONTENT OF THEIR CHARACTER, NOT BY RACE OR COLOR OR POWERS.

WE'RE ALL HUMAN BEINGS. WHY CAN'T WE ALL BE TREATED LIKE IT?



NOT FREAKS. BE NICE IF THAT DREAM CAME TRUE--
PEOPLE.

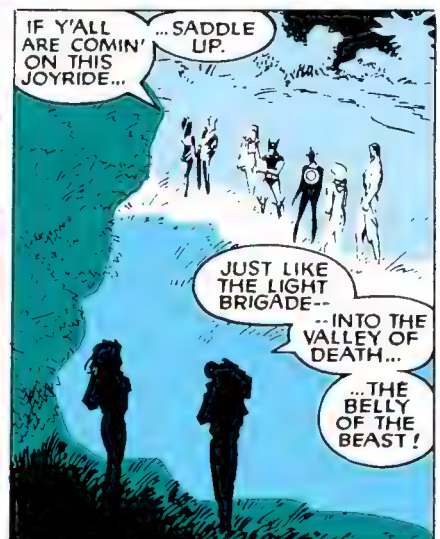
BE NICE IF THAT DREAM CAME TRUE--
PEOPLE.

--UNFORTUNATELY, CHANCES ARE NONE OF US WILL BE AROUND TO SEE IT.

I HAVE A SON, THOUGH-- AND A...

...HUSBAND.

BE NICE IF THEY COULD.



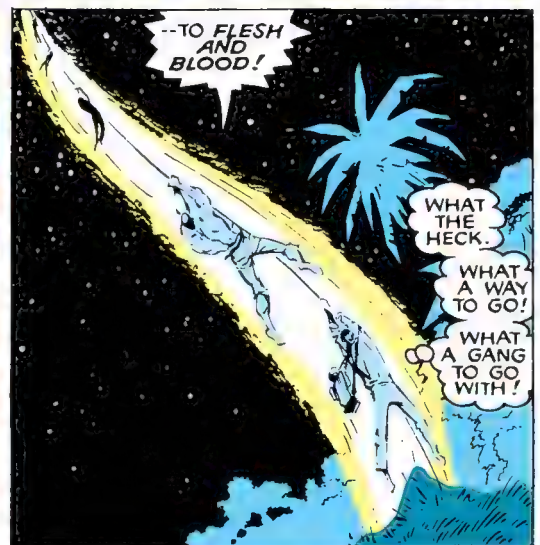
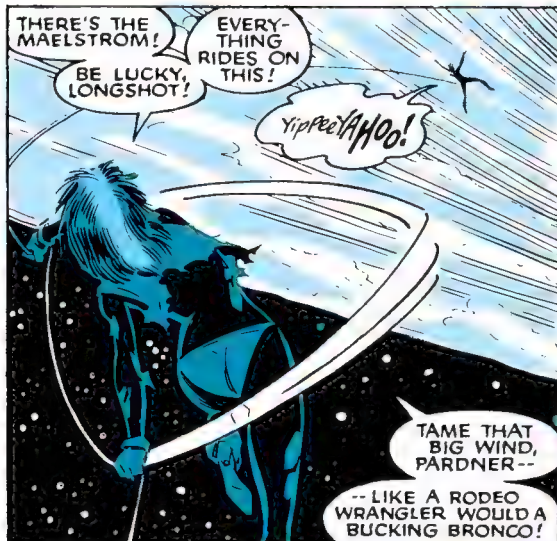
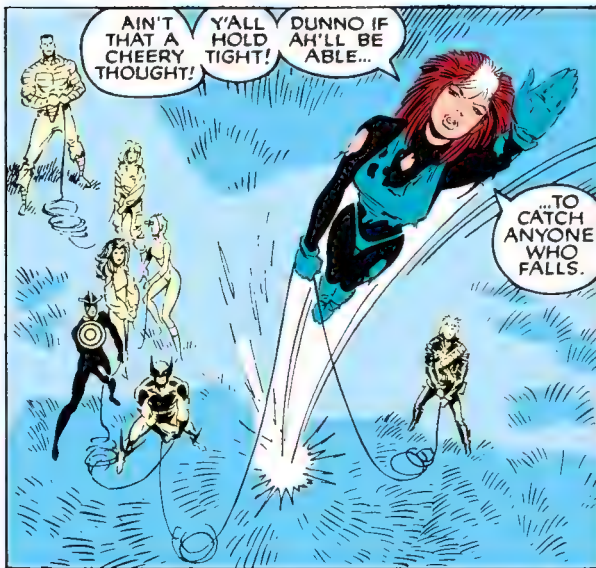
IF Y'ALL ARE COMIN' ON THIS JOYRIDE...

...SADDLE UP.

JUST LIKE THE LIGHT BRIGADE--

--INTO THE VALLEY OF DEATH...

...THE BELLY OF THE BEAST!

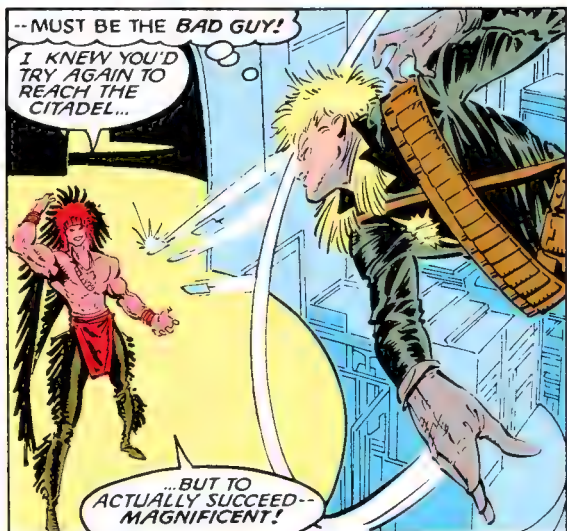




WE'RE THROUGH!

WE MADE PRISONER AGAINST THAT PILLAR--

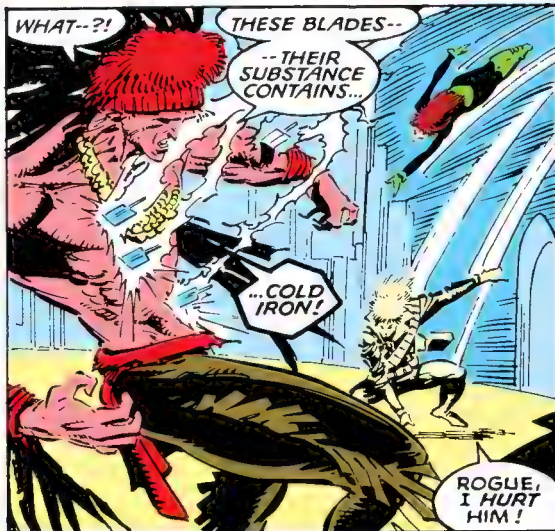
--THE ONE WHO ISN'T, WHO'S STANDING FREE--



--MUST BE THE BAD GUY!

I KNEW YOU'D TRY AGAIN TO REACH THE CITADEL...

...BUT TO ACTUALLY SUCCEED-- MAGNIFICENT!



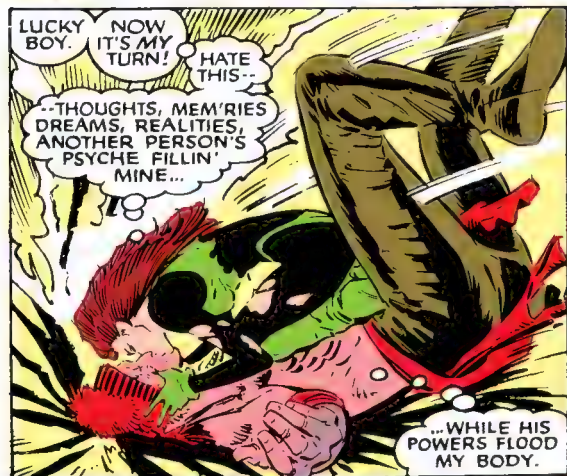
WHAT--?!

THESE BLADES--

--THEIR SUBSTANCE CONTAINS...

...COLD IRON!

ROGUE, I HURT HIM!



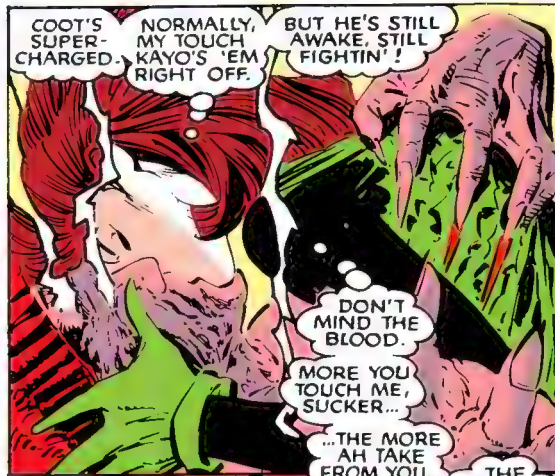
LUCKY BOY.

NOW IT'S MY TURN!

HATE THIS--

...THOUGHTS, MEM'RIES, DREAMS, REALITIES, ANOTHER PERSON'S PSYCHE FILLIN' MINE...

...WHILE HIS POWERS FLOOD MY BODY.



COOT'S SUPER-CHARGED.

NORMALLY, MY TOUCH KAYO'S 'EM RIGHT OFF.

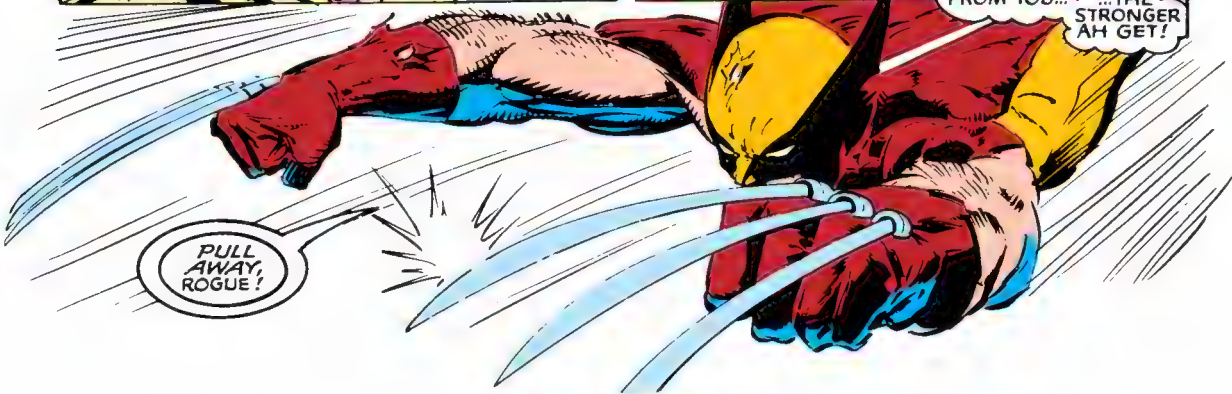
BUT HE'S STILL AWAKE, STILL FIGHTIN'!

DON'T MIND THE BLOOD.

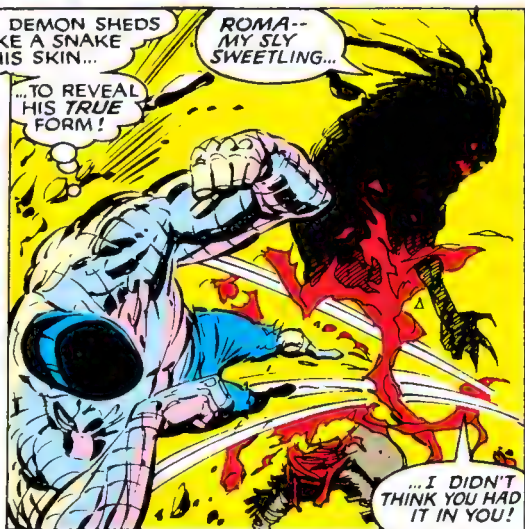
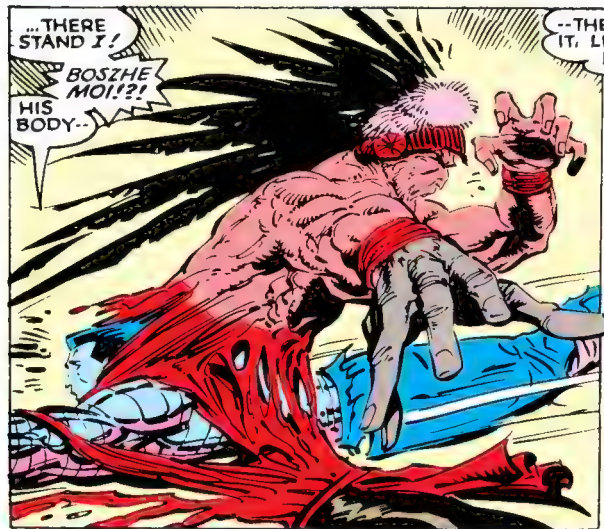
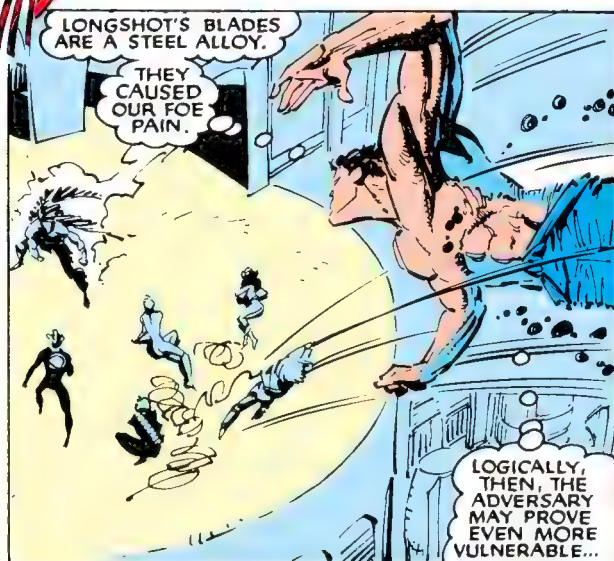
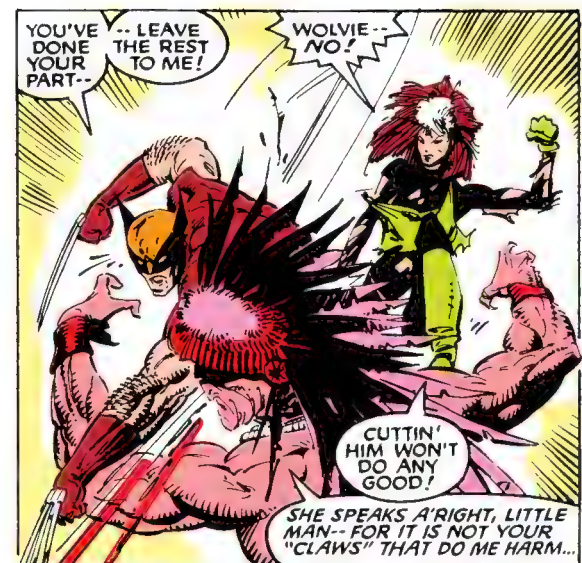
MORE YOU TOUCH ME, SUCKER...

...THE MORE AH TAKE FROM YOU...

...THE STRONGER AH GET!



PULL AWAY, ROGUE!



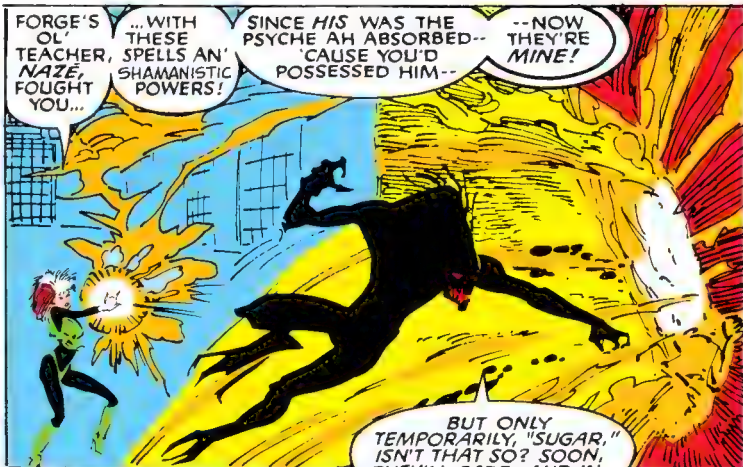


HOW SUPERB A JEST-- TO TURN THE TABLES ON YOUR ADVERSARY, THE TRICKSTER, THE SUPREME DECEIVER--

--BY SNEAKING IN A RINGER!

PITY IT WON'T SAVE THE DAY.

SCRAP AIN'T FINISHED, UGLY.



FORGE'S OL' TEACHER, SPELLS AN' NAZE, FOUGHT YOU...

...WITH THESE SPELLS AN' SHAMANISTIC POWERS!

SINCE HIS WAS THE PSYCHE AH ABSORBED-- 'CAUSE YOU'D POSSESSED HIM--

--NOW THEY'RE MINE!

BUT ONLY TEMPORARILY, "SUGAR," ISN'T THAT SO? SOON, THEY'LL FADE, AND IN THE MEANTIME...



...WHILE YOU'VE SORCERY SUFFICIENT TO OPEN A PORTAL...

...YOU SADLY LACK THE WHEREWITHAL TO HURL ME THROUGH IT.



THE ADVERSARY'S HOLD ON THE CITADEL IS WEAKENING--

--WE'RE LOOSE.

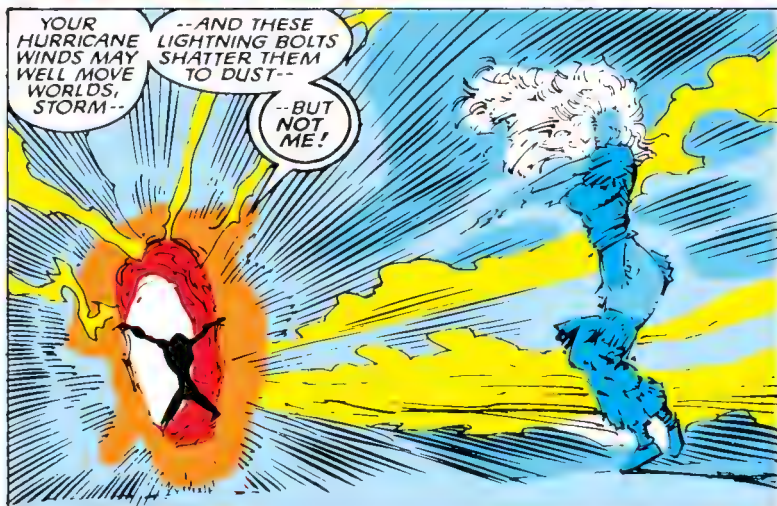
YOU AND STORM, PERHAPS, FORGE-- --BUT NOT I.

SO LONG AS HE REMAINS...
...I REMAIN HIS PRISONER.



THEN, MY LADY ROMA--

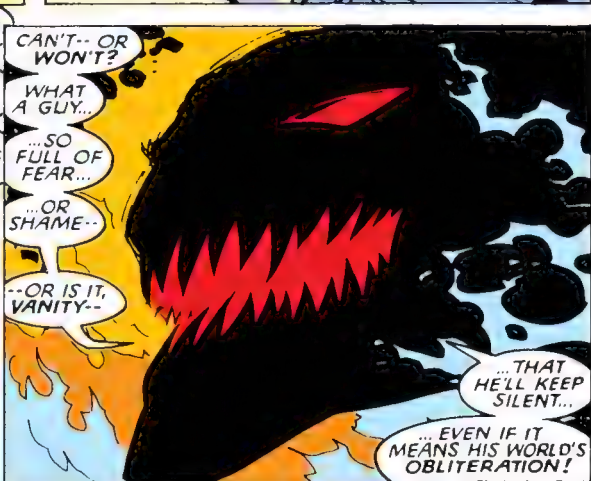
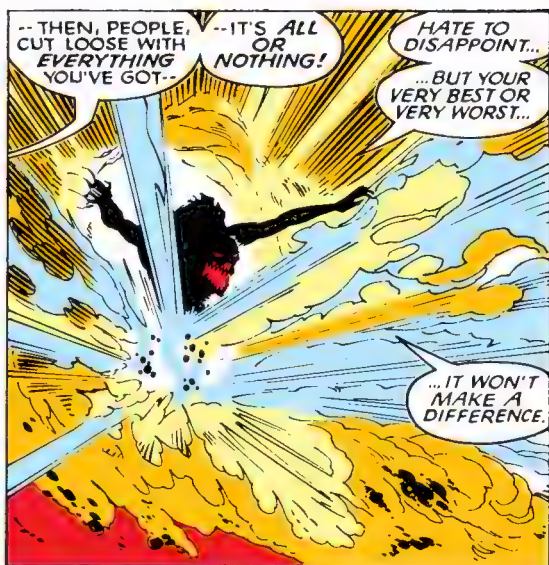
-- WE SHALL HAVE TO CAST HIM OUT!

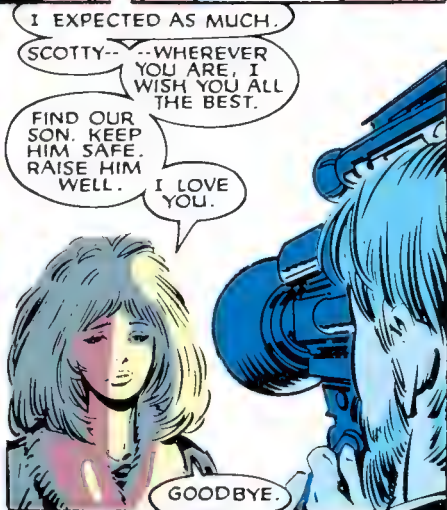
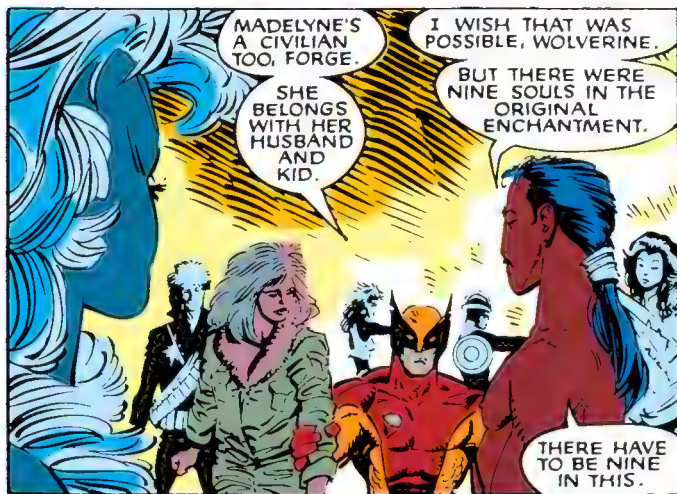
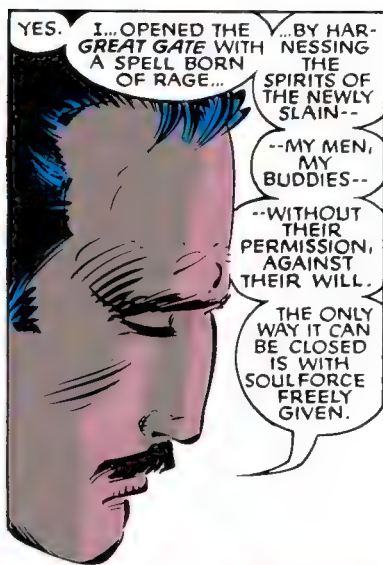
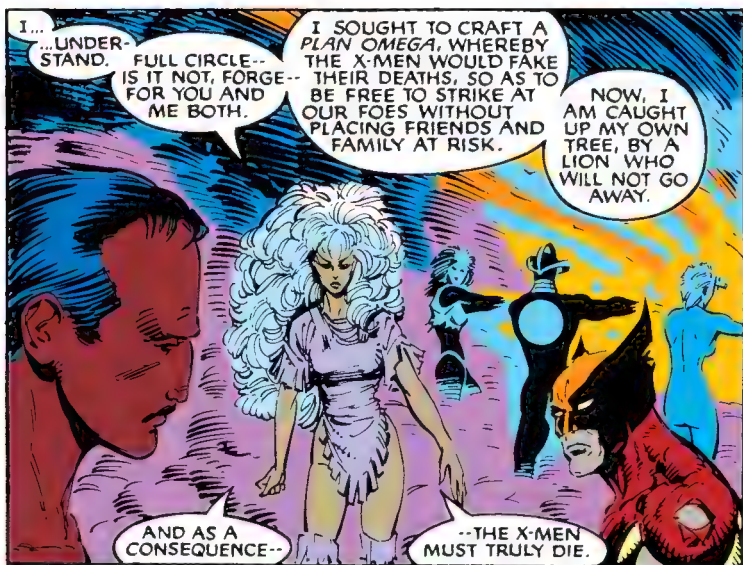


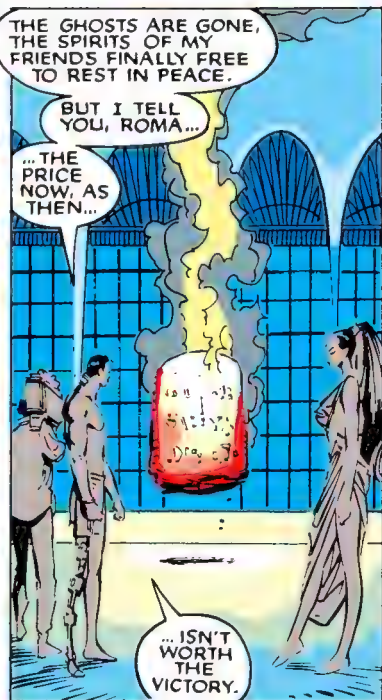
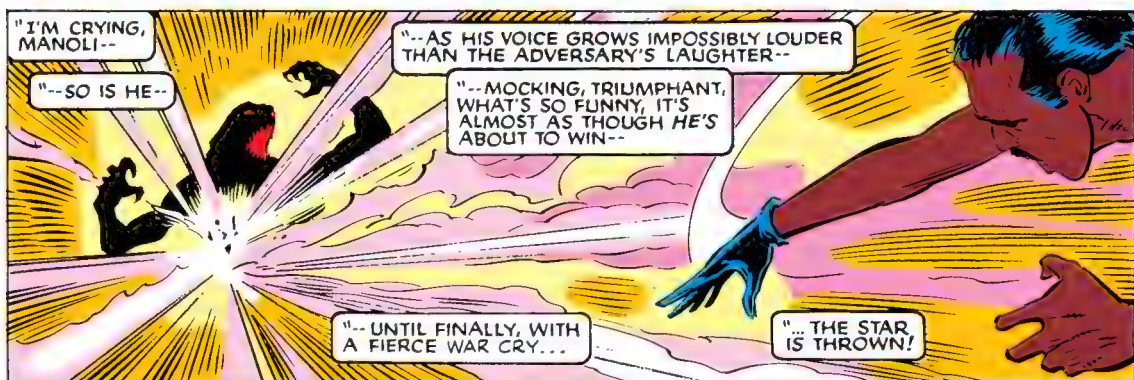
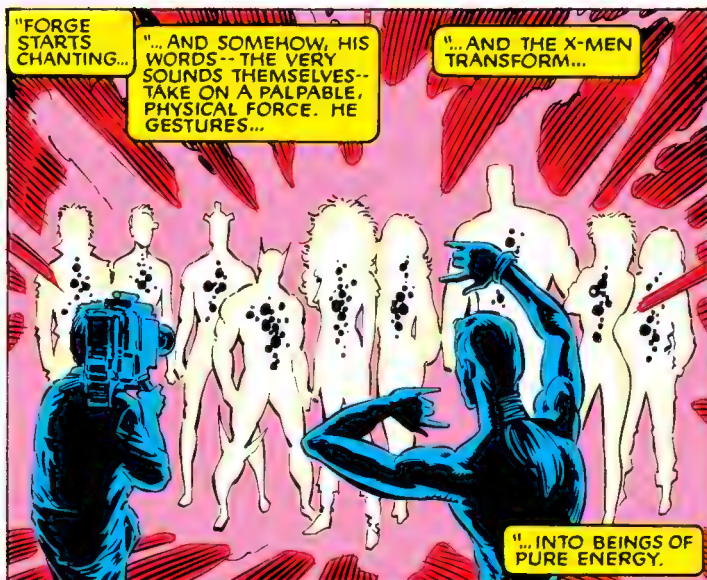
YOUR HURRICANE WINDS MAY WELL MOVE WORLDS, STORM--

--AND THESE LIGHTNING BOLTS SHATTER THEM TO DUST--

--BUT NOT ME!







BULLPEN BULLETINS

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"The very least you could have done was offer me a cup of coffee before you tried to kill me!"

—HAWKEYE
SOLO AVENGERS #8

ITEM: The King of Comics celebrated his seventieth birthday this past summer, and a fortunate few of us beaming Bullpenners were on hand to join with well over a hundred top comics professionals in the festivities. The King, of course, is none other than Jack Kirby, co-creator of the Fantastic Four, Thor, Hulk, and dozens and dozens of other Marvel superstars (as well as scores of characters for virtually every major comics cosmos there ever was). Jack has made an indelible imprint upon the entire comics medium, and nowhere is that more evident than on Jack's most enduring co-creations here at Marvel. Anyway, several of Jack's closest cronies (led by Mark Evanier of *GOOD* fame) decided to throw him a surprise wedding during the San Diego Comics Convention and managed to invite over a hundred people and managed to keep it a secret from The King. (Of course, it helped that they let Jack's lovely wife, Roz, in on the secret.) Jack was led to believe he was going to a small private get-together, but when he walked in, he was surprised by a reception fit for a King! With a live band, giant cake, special program book, and hundreds of well-wishers, it was a birthday bash that was memorable, fun-filled, and touching. Special King-size kudos also go to Greg Thackston,

Mike Thibodeaux, Steve Rude, Len Wein, Mary Wollman, Scott Shaw!, and Richard Howell for helping to organize it all. Honorary King's men all! We all love you, Jack — here's to seventy more!

ITEM: It's Editorial Turnover time yet again. After 2 1/2 years as an assistant editor, Rosemary McCormick, Marvel's favorite blushing Britisher, has decided to leave these hallowed halls in order to become an elementary school teacher. Teaching has been a longtime love for Rosemary and when the opportunity to trade in her comic books for textbooks came along, she reluctantly decided to go for it. (If you don't remember that R.M. worked with Carl Potts, then with Bob Budiansky, two points off!) We're going to miss the redheaded Ms. M. — never again will we have the opportunity to glimpse her and fellow red-head and assistant editor Joanne Spaldo talking in the hall and call out, "Red Alert! Red Alert!" Best of luck, Ro. We can only think of about a million people who would love it if their teacher once worked for Marvel!

ITEM: Taking Rosemary's place as Bob Budiansky's assistant is a fellow by the name of Dwayne McDuffie. Dwayne's led a checkered life prior to his making the Marvel scene — he's sold stories to television

skits to the Second City comedy troupe, and in his spare time has picked up a Master's degree in Physics, and Bachelor's degrees in English Literature, Film Criticism, and Dramatic Writing. And now he'll bring all that knowledge and experience to bear here at Mighty Marvel. Welcome aboard, Dwayne!

ITEM: There's nothing that pleases comics creators more than a little media recognition for their comics work — and by media, we mean the mass communications systems other than comics. Staffer Mark Gruenwald was the recipient of just enough media attention the other week to make his already bulbous head swell to twice its normal size. In the space of one week, both the *Washington Post Magazine* and the National Public Radio's *All Things Considered* program heard about his current controversial storyline in *CAPTAIN AMERICA* and interviewed him about it and its bearing (if any) on the recent Iran-contra Affair. Okay, Mark — you got your name in print again so get back to your desk. (What's that? Your swollen head still won't fit through your office door? Somebody get a crowbar!)

ITEM: Whoops! We have no room for this month's checklist. Maybe next time.

Pro File on: CARL POTTS

Editor on: PUNISHER, ALPHA FLIGHT, POWER PACK, STRANGE TALES, STRIKEFORCE, MORITURI, CAPT JUSTICE.

Marvel freelance credits (past): Writing and/or penciling and/or inking on: *LAST OF THE DRAGONS* for EPIC ILLUSTRATED (soon to be a major graphic novel collection), *DR. STRANGE* #63, *MOON KNIGHT*, *FANFARE* portfolio, plus a handful of covers on a variety of titles.

Marvel freelance credits (present): *ALIEN LEGION* (packager/creator), *STRANGE TALES* #1 (cover), *SHADOWMASTERS* Ltd. Series (writer), *SPELLBOUND* Ltd. Series (co-creator & inker), a Spider-Man story for *FANFARE* (writer) and a bunch of other top secret stuff.

My hobbies are: Maintaining marine aquariums, martial arts, Skittish paint games, sleeping in awkward positions.

The single work which I am most proud of is: That's too tough to call.

My pet peeves are: Unprofessional people, smokers in enclosed public places, delayed airline flights.

My place of birth was: Oakland, Calif. (Land of Enehani ment, and true home to the Raiders.)

My greatest accomplishment outside the comics field is: Keeping a married pair of AMPHIPHON OCELLARIN alive and healthy for over seven years now. How many people do you know can say that?



My oddest habit is: Occasionally taking Ralph Macchio seriously.

If they were making a movie of my life, I'd like to see my part played by: Kevin Costner.

The reason I got into comics was: I loved them since I was knee high to a grasshopper.

People who knew me in High School thought I was: An idiot.

My favorite performers are: Jane Siberry, Sandie Shaw, Kirsty MacCall, Sandi and the Sunsetz, Nazz, Hollies, Beatles, Colin Wilkinson, Frances Rutelle, Sonny Chiba, Toshirō Mifune.

The last good book I read was: *FISHES OF SRI LANKA*, MALDIVES ISLANDS, AND MOMBASA by Dr. Warren E. Burgess and Dr. Herbert R. Axelrod. Also *WILD CARDS* by various science-fiction writers.

The last good movie I saw was: *NOT SUPERMAN IV*.

The biggest influences on my work include: Stan Lee, Steve Ditko, Akira Kurosawa, most American illustrators from Pyle to Cornwell, Gustav Klimt.

My greatest unfulfilled ambition in the comics field is: To write and draw a regular series for a long run.

The worst part of my job is: Dealing with late freelancers.

When nobody's looking I like to: Crack my back.

The one thing I really want the world to know about me is: I ought myself to be very lucky to work in such a fun and creative environment.

THE REAL ORIGIN OF THE WOLFPACK!

1983 — It had been bugging me, as I worked on the mutant books, that many Marvel Comics teams had jets and limos and mansions and credit cards, and this didn't seem to represent a lot of kids in the world. Breakdancing was just getting hot, and so was graffiti art; the south Bronx scene was exploding in the media. I found the kids involved in this to be very outrageous, to be heroes and started asking around for someone interested in writing a comic book series about that world, a world very far from the money, easy world of the X-Men, the Avengers, and the Fantastic Four. A world far away but nonetheless populated by heroes. Then, in the summer of '84, I was at a comic book convention in Houston, and Ron Wilson showed me a drawing of the heroes I had been envisioning. It was a beautiful drawing of the Wolfpack, wearing their colors and their "looks." Ron had a whole scenario typed up as to who and what the Pack

was, and we knew we had something exciting.

Back in New York, we got together and began to talk. With the help of former Marvel editor, Mike Carlin, who's now working for our Distinguished Competition, we began painting Wolfpack's world. What kind of heroes would they be? They couldn't go out and stop a kid from breaking into a store, because they knew the kid; maybe they knew he was stealing because his dad was a drunk who had taken the family's welfare check. Maybe they knew his gang, and stopping him would only start a gang war. Those were the kinds of talks we had about the Pack.

Writer (and another former Marvel editor) Larry Hama took all this talk and came back with a new scenario. The pack now had faces, names, personalities, and the South Bronx had a real shape and feel to it. Larry created the 'Nine and the 'Ten and an age-old battle where the Bronx

was an often used battleground. He brought us stories that made us cry and stories that made us laugh.

Then we really started making comics.

Tom DeFalco recently read the first three issues and decided that the most spectacular way to launch this series was to combine these stories into a single graphic novel. The novels on the stands now, and a twelve-issue limited series will soon follow. If you really like Wolfpack, we can always make it a regular monthly series.

Ron Wilson, Larry Hama, John Figueroa (another writer on the series), Kyle Baker (whose killer ink keep the book looking hot), and I are anxious to hear how you feel about the Pack.

—Ann Nocenti
September, 1987



Look for our spectacular new **Spider-Man Balloon** and **mighty Marvel Universe Float** in this year's Macy's **THANKSGIVING DAY PARADE** November 26 on network television!!!

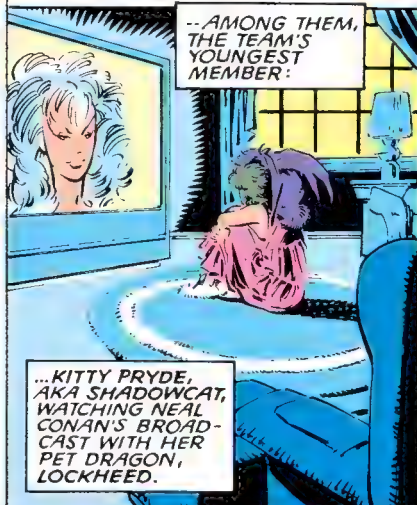


MIDNIGHT
IN DALLAS...



...IS DAWN OVER
MUIR ISLE, A
LONELY STAND
OF ROCK OFF
SCOTLAND'S
NORTH COAST...

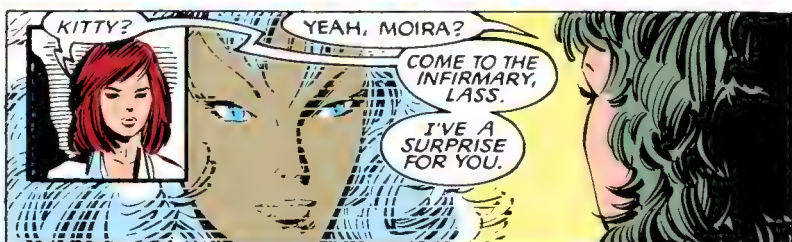
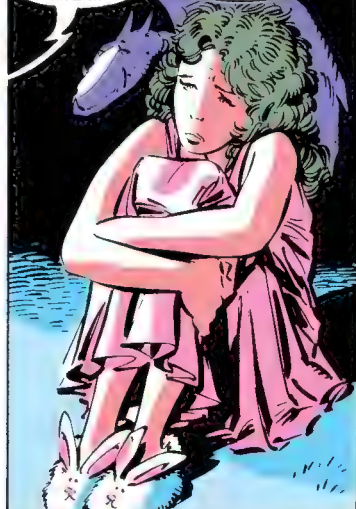
...THAT SERVES AS SANCTUARY FOR
THOSE X-MEN AND FRIENDS WOUNDED
IN THEIR RECENT BATTLES--



-- AMONG THEM,
THE TEAM'S
YOUNGEST
MEMBER:

...KITTY PRYDE,
AKA SHADOWCAT,
WATCHING NEAL
CONAN'S BROAD-
CAST WITH HER
PET DRAGON,
LOCKHEED.

...THE X-MEN
MUST TRULY
DIE... ..ONCE MORE,
FAREWELL.



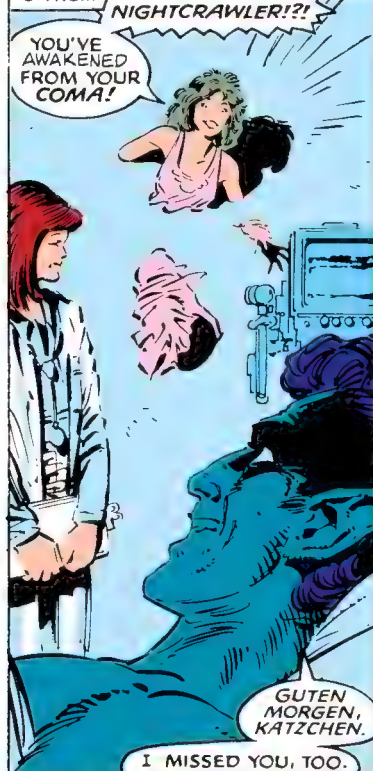
KITTY?

YEAH, MOIRA?

COME TO THE
INFIRMARY,
LASS.

I'VE A
SURPRISE
FOR YOU.

THE CHILD PHASES QUICKLY
THROUGH WALLS AND FLOORS--
UNTIL... ..NIGHTCRAWLER!?!



YOU'VE
AWAKENED
FROM YOUR
COMA!

NIGHTCRAWLER!?!

GUTEN
MORGEN,
KATZCHEN.

I MISSED YOU, TOO.



ARE YOU BETTER,
FUZZY ELF?!

GIVEN TIME, I
THINK HE'LL BE
GOOD AS NEW.

THAT'S
GREAT--!

YOU DON'T
SOUND
GREAT.

KITTY,
YOU'RE
HIDING
SOME-
THING.

WHAT'S
WRONG,
CHILD?

NOTHING.
REALLY.

IT'S THE
X-MEN,
ISN'T IT?

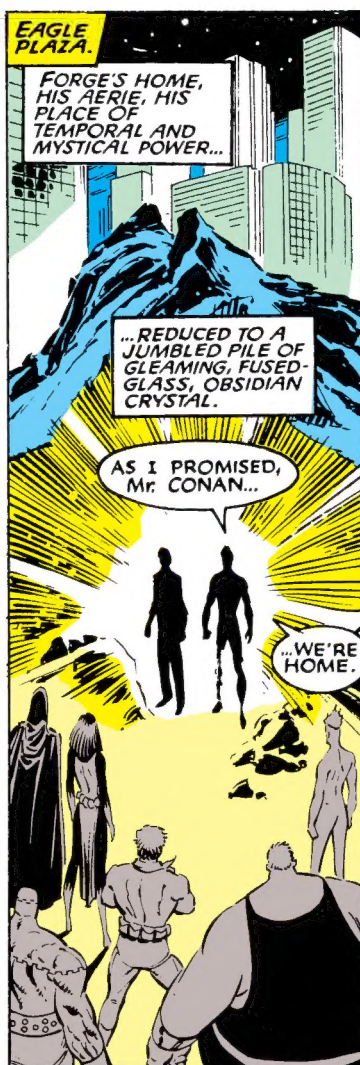
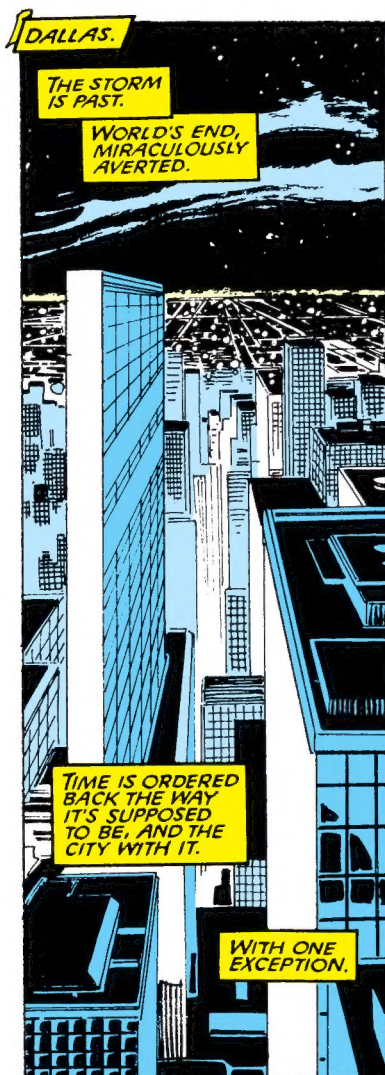
AND
BAD
NEWS.

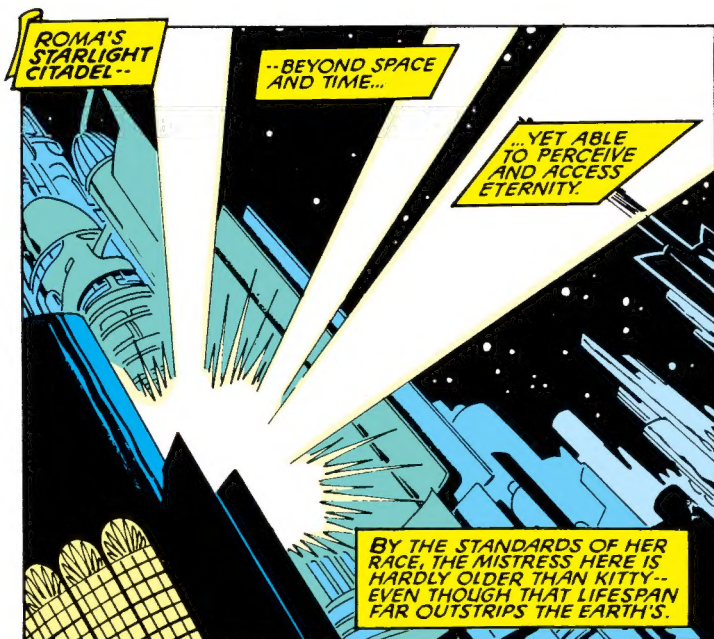


Oh,
KURT--

--Dr. Mac-
TAGGART--

--IT'S THE
WORST!



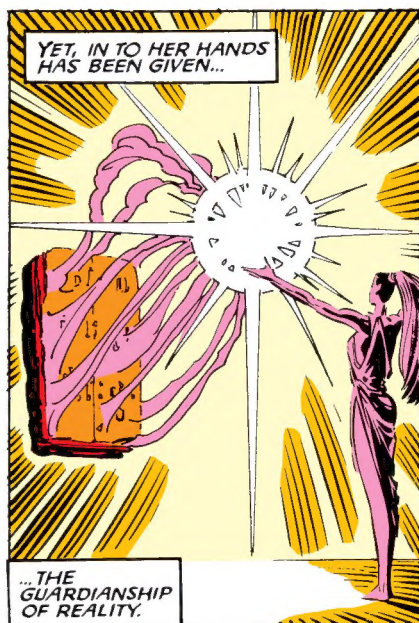


ROMA'S
STARLIGHT
CITADEL--

--BEYOND SPACE
AND TIME...

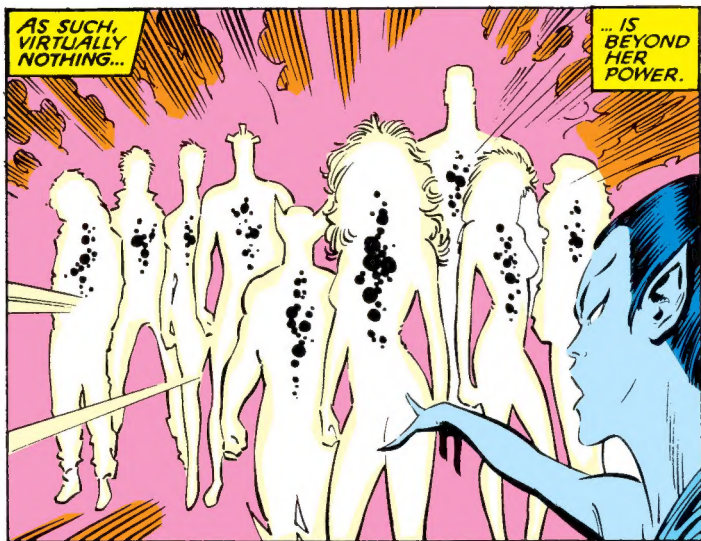
...YET ABLE
TO PERCEIVE
AND ACCESS
ETERNITY.

BY THE STANDARDS OF HER
RACE, THE MISTRESS HERE IS
HARDLY OLDER THAN KITTY--
EVEN THOUGH THAT LIFESPAN
FAR OUTSTRIPS THE EARTH'S.



YET, IN TO HER HANDS
HAS BEEN GIVEN...

...THE
GUARDIANSHIP
OF REALITY.



AS SUCH,
VIRTUALLY
NOTHING...

... IS
BEYOND
HER
POWER.

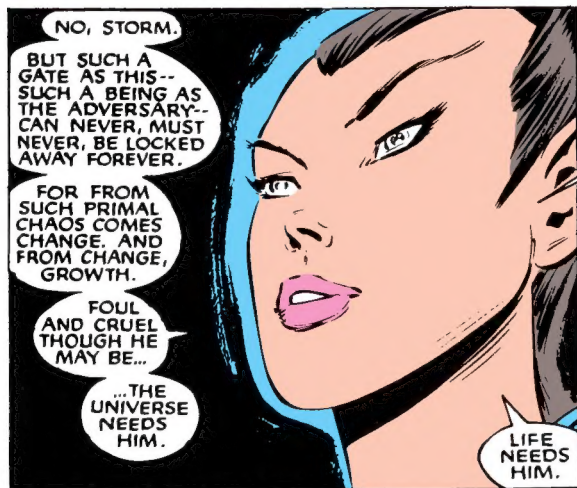


ALIVE???

BUT--

--I
THOUGHT--

--HAS
FORGE'S
SPELL
FAILED??!



NO, STORM.

BUT SUCH A
GATE AS THIS--
SUCH A BEING AS
THE ADVERSARY--
CAN NEVER, MUST
NEVER, BE LOCKED
AWAY FOREVER.

FOR FROM
SUCH PRIMAL
CHAOS COMES
CHANGE, AND
FROM CHANGE,
GROWTH.

FOUL
AND CRUEL
THOUGH HE
MAY BE...

...THE
UNIVERSE
NEEDS
HIM.

LIFE
NEEDS
HIM.

HE IS BOUND FOR AN AGE-- SUFFICIENT PUNISHMENT FOR HIS TRANSGRESSIONS-- AND YOU X-MEN, REALITY'S CHAMPIONS, ARE ENTITLED TO A REWARD COMMENSURATE WITH YOUR SACRIFICE.

YOU LITERALLY
HOLD YOUR FUTURE,
YOUR FATE, IN
YOUR HANDS.

I CAN RETURN
YOU TO YOUR EARTH,
AT THE MOMENT
YOU LEFT IT, FREE
TO PICK UP YOUR
LIVES AS BEFORE,
OR BEGIN THEM
ANEW.

OR TRANSPORT
YOU TO ANY
OTHER WORLD,
ANY ERA, ANY
REALITY.



STRIKES ME, ORORO, YOUR "PLAN OMEGA" MAY HAVE WORKED AFTER ALL.

IF EVERYONE FIGURES US DEAD...

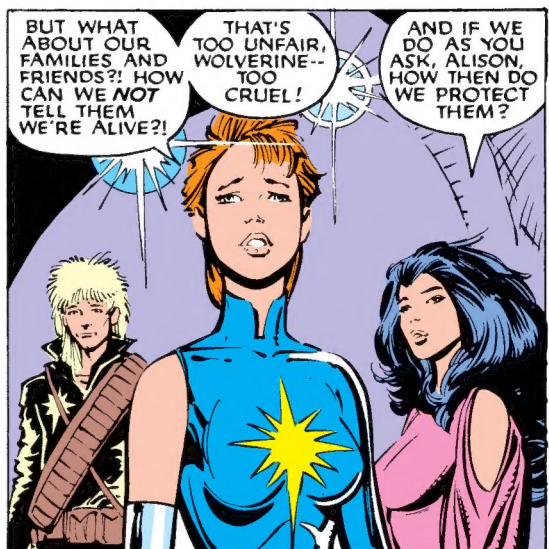
YOU *DID* DIE, MY FRIEND. THE INSTANT FORGE CAST HIS SPELL...

...YOUR LIFE-LINES WERE BROKEN.

WHAT YOU UNDERGO NOW IS A REBIRTH.

WHATEVER--

--MAYBE IT'S THE OPPORTUNITY WE WANTED TO ACT WITH A LOT MORE FREEDOM THAN BEFORE.



BUT WHAT ABOUT OUR FAMILIES AND FRIENDS?! HOW CAN WE *NOT* TELL THEM WE'RE ALIVE?!

THAT'S TOO UNFAIR, WOLVERINE-- TOO CRUEL!

AND IF WE DO AS YOU ASK, ALISON, HOW THEN DO WE PROTECT THEM?



WHICH IS BETTER, BLONDIE-- HURTIN' THEM THIS WAY...

...OR BURYIN' THEM, 'CAUSE THEY GOT CHOPPED IN THE CROSSFIRE?

SHOULD NOT THE NEEDS OF THE MANY, MY FRIENDS...

...TAKE PRECEDENCE OVER THE DESIRES OF THE FEW?



BIG GUY'S RIGHT, PEOPLE.

WE GOT A LOT OF SCORES TO SETTLE. I VOTE WE START PAYIN' 'EM BACK, WITH INTEREST!

IF THIS IS THE WAY WE CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE...

...PLEASE, LET'S DO IT!



THEN YOU ARE AGREED.

AND THAT IS FOR THE BEST.

I SALUTE YOU, X-MEN--

--MAGNIFICENT THOUGH YOU WERE AS HEROES, ALL A PERSON MIGHT WISH TO BE, NOW YOU CAN DO MUCH MORE...

...BECAUSE YOU HAVE BECOME LEGENDS!

NEXT: A NEW BEGINNING DOWN UNDER!

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Syl3nt
Bob and

OKO

